

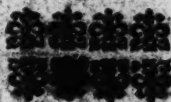
240. h. 3
18
N 1640
Themista & Euphorbus

In a familiar Dialogue, plainly Discovering, and
passionately Bemoaning, the Exorbitances
of the World in the Administration of
18

JUSTICE.

Composed at first for a private Diversion, and
now presented to the Worthy Maioralty within the Fa-
mous and ancient Burrough of TAVISTOCK, Devon;
Newly Incorporated by His Majesty's Special Favour,
and with the Assistance of the Honourable S^r James
Butler K^t.

By PHILOPOLITES. K



—*facit indignatio versus.* Hor.

LONDON, Printed for the Author, 1683.



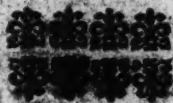
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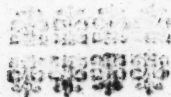
Chemist & Apothecary

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JUSTICE.

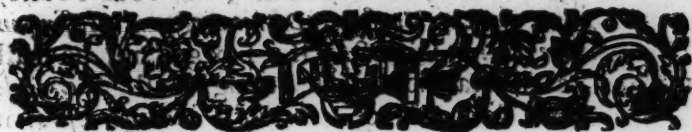
Composed at first for a private Liveryman, and
now revised to the knowledge of the public, with the
addition of a new Preface, and a new Chapter, containing
a full and complete History of the Trade, and
the present State of the Affairs of the Honourable
Company of the City of London, &c.
LONDON: Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand, 1783.

PHILOSOPHERS



Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand, 1783.

LONDON, Printed for the Author, 1783.



To the VVorshipful the
MAYOR,

Together, with the Aldermen & their
Assistants, within the Famous and
Antient Burrough of
TAVISTOCK,
Devon.



THis will come too late to tell you how Acceptable
this Infant Matoralty was in its very Em-
brio to the Author himself. How much also he shared
with you in the Common Entertainments (before it saw
the Light), hath been known to many, but best Un-
derstood (certainly most sensibly felt) by himself.
But notwithstanding Envy and Might the Top-stone
of the Structure is brought forth, let it be attended
with Shoutings, and Cry, Grace, Grace, unto it,
I mean, Thanks to God and the King.

There

The Epistle Dedicatory.

There are yet Malevolents (like the Old Tobies) in y^e corner, Cursing, Deprecating and Scuffling in the Antient Dialect. If a Fox goe up, he shall even break down their Strong Wall. Let these both Talk and Doe as they list. You may destroy it your selves: Your Enemies cannot injure it. So long as ye follow the Undoubted Rules and Dictates of Justice ye are safe, and this you have on the Word of God and Caesar both.

Had the Prize now in yours been lodged in the Hands of our Ancestors but a Centurie of Tears agoe, How glorious a Town, how happy a People had we been? The Government now obtained and possessed by you, by them, could only be wish'd and long'd for. It was too great a Boon for them to expect, or their Sultans to allow. But what then seem'd impossible, is now effected, by the Benignity of a Gracious Prince, and the Indefatigable Industry of a Noble Friend. God forbid, so great a Blessing in it self should become by Sinister Administrations an Evil to the place. That Justice should be turned into Wormwood. It's what your Enemies Maliciously expect, and your Friends as passionately pray against.

Nature (Gent.) hath done its part, and been not a little propitious to our Clyme, Cull'd it out as a Subject, upon which she hath peculiarly doted beyond all places of this Western Spot of Brittain: Blest us in the Transcendent Excellencies of all the Elements, aptly situated us for Trade: Inspir'd our Natives with such Mercurial Soules as have rendered them capable of serving Princes in the very highest Capacities
of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of Church and State, at Sea and Land, in War and Peace. ~~What remains but that ye also in your Spheres~~
~~should~~ ~~Wise~~ ~~ly~~ ~~As~~ ~~your~~ ~~parts,~~ ~~and~~ ~~become~~ ~~the~~ ~~fairest~~
Pattern in your Administrations for Posterity to Observe and Imitate? If you fail in this, The World will swear, your Extraction is Forreign, and that you bear the Name only, not the Nature of the Antient TAVISTOKIANS.

Gent. I heartily wish your Prosperity, and on that account (having no better) have presented you with this Dialogue, not Sawcily to direct, but humbly to mind you. May it in the Initiation of your setting forth into a Turbulent Ocean prove a Lanthorn to precaution you against the Rocks and Shelves that have been fatal to too many. And why should not this Infant-Muse and our Infant-Majesty be good Company? Being born in the same place, Why may they not Breath together in the same Air, especially at Tavistock, where they speak Poesy as Naturally as they spit? Heavens Bless you all, and make you as good as your Government, So Prays

Your Fellow Native, and

Tavist. Sep. 2
3d, 1682.

Humble SERVANT,

Philopolites.

A 3

To



To my Book.

WELL, sith it is thy Lot, and that thou darst
Thou make a Sally, and Adventure first,
Leaving thy Brethren for a pause, to dwell
Within their Silent yet Securer Cell,
Heav'n be thy speed. I know already some
Abhor thy Front, and do fore-bode thy Doom.
These, pinch'd with Guilt, in their unballow'd Ire
Could thee in Pieces tear, or damn to Fire:
Whil'st (guiltless) thou dost only Vices blame
And leav'st th' Offender uncommor'd by Name.
Be not dismay'd, thou dost a Mistress serve
That is thy Patron, and will thee preserve,
(The blest Themista) who with Sword and Scale
Will give due merits unto Actions all.
"The Stars themselves, rather than Right shall fail;
"In their bright Sockets shall consume and quail.
Heav'n will provide thee Friends in Court & City,
Which will thee lodge, and her extreamly pity;
Embrace thy Leaves with candour, and declare,
How much that they concern'd for Justice are:
They'll mix their Prayers with her redundant tears,
Till this World moulder, and a new appears.

THE MIST A Explaining her self
in a *Soliloquie.*

A Las ! why hated thus ? and why am I
So great a terrour to *Humanity* ?
How can I be Injurious ? who did find
Hard *Measure* from a *Woman* that is *Blind* ?
I know nor Friend nor Foe. The *Scales* you view
Gives to each Person but what is his *Due*.
Nor is my Sex so curst, my Looks so wan
To be a *Scare-Crow* to an upright Man.
Mine *Extract* is not vile, I came from * *Heav'n*
And can do nothing but what's *Just* and even.
Princes adore me through the boundless World,
And of the *Indiscreet* I've at my *Foot-stool* hurld;
Yea, to mine Honour as a *Victim* have
Themselves up given to the rav'nous Grave.
Great store of *Orphans* and of poor oppress'd
Their troubled mindes do at my *Portals* rest.
Armies of *Martyrs* and confessing Bands
Await to take their *Garlands* at mine Hands.
The *Sword* I bear is only to defend
The Innocent 'gainst such as wrongs intend,

* Deus me-
tuens, ne Uni-
versa homi-
num Commu-
nitas interier
Pudorem jis
dedit & Iusti-
tiam ut essent
Civitatum
Vincula &
Ornamenta
Sine quib' s ci-
vilem S. ci-
tatem o-jus-
onemq. diffi-
cili Necesse
fuit. Plat.
in Prot.

Nor

Nor out my Scabbard shall I ev'r it draw,
But when I am invaded, or my Law.

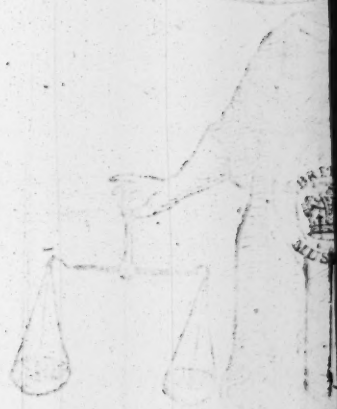
A gente ad
gemem Trans-
fertor ager as
propter In-
justitiam,
Siracid.

If *Tyrants* seize me and perchance me wrest,
To serve their turn and selfish *Interest*;
Lay not the blame (like fools) on me, for I
Shall soon avenge my wronged *Sov'raignty*,
Resume my *Crown*, and with undaunted might
Will in full *specie*, their affronts requite.



THE MIST A

Handwritten text in a decorative banner at the top left, likely a title or description, written in a cursive script.



*He goe to heauen again and there ile say
Lord hasten thy Long Look for ludg^{mt} day*



*O Heauns, forbid sholdest thou depart from hence
Ill men Wold haue their Wif^h good Loofe their fence*



THEMISTA Ill at ease, is Visited
by *EUPHORBUS*.



MADAM! what ailes ye? I am sad to see *Euphorbus*
Your *Ladyship* in such an Agonie. a Divine,
Wher's your Distemper? in what part doth lie
The great occasion of your Maladie?
Not many dayes agoe, how brisque you were?
I nev'r beheld a Bride much cheerfuller:
Now with dejected brows you 'front the ground
Seem like one fallen in a fatal swoond. (chance?
No Word, no Motion; Lord! whence is this
For Gods sake rouse, and do your self advance;
Impart your griefs, and if ought may be done
Within the compass of my Function,
None shall within the Universe you find
That to your comfort shall be more inclin'd.
With this she sighs and makes a doleful groan,
And to *Euphorbus* doth express her moan.

Dear Sir! she said, I'm glad to see you here, *Themista,*
Your very presence doth my Vitals cheer. Justice.
'Tis not the least of mine affliction that
I've Unfrequented in this posture fate.
Heav'n lately sent me in abundant Love
From my blest Station in the World above,

B

To

To Yeild my service to an Earthly throng
 That daily did complain of fraud and wrong.
 And tho I'm come to do them lawful right,
 Ther's none that cares to come within my sight;
 As if I were a *Spectrum*, or some Ghost,
 Which nev'r before arrived in their Coast.
 The name of *Justice* doth extreamly make
 The Hearts of *Peasant* and of *Prince* to quake,
 So that upon my Throne (neglected) I
 Awaited them that did my presence fly.
 I'll go to *Heav'n* again, and there I'll lay,
 Lord! hasten thy long-looked for *Judgment* day;
 Take my Commission in thy Hands agen,
 For thou art *Judge* of *Angels* and of *Men*.

Euphorbus. Madam! I tremble at your hasty flight, (night.

When *Titan* hides himself we'r cloath'd with
 The World into its *Chaos* old would turn,
 If you should leave us, and your work adjourn
 Unto that fatal day. Both Devils and Men,
 Like Rav'ning *Lions*, soon would quit their Den

*Iustitia remota, nil aliud
 Sunt regna Ni
 si latrocinia
 Greg.*

*Fiat Iustitia
 aut percat
 Mundus. Cœs-
 Ferd.*

To Prey upon the Innocent: and who
 Shall rescue them that are so weak, so few?
 For their *Sakes* yet abide, and if there be
Malignants that oppose your Sov'raignty,
 Expose them to the Light, within my Sphere?
 I shall without respect to Love or Fear,
 Declare your Message in their stubborn Ear.

Themista.

I thank you Sir! you have in part assayed
 The heavy Burden on my Heart was laid.

But

But yet I doubt my labour will be vain,
My Foes have got the Throne and proudly reign,
They'll scorn my message, & your counsel sleight,
Perchance confound you with their raging might.

Madam! this shall not me at all deter,
From being your most Faithful Messenger.
Heav'n's promis'd aid, I never yet have mist
Since first I was ordain'd *Evangelist*;
They will afford me Tongue, and whet my words,
Which deeper shall them wound then Spears or
My foreheads made of *Brass*, Ile flatter none (*Swords*)
I'll face both *Prince* and *Judge* upon the Throne,
And if I fall in doing of my trust,
My Blood will not be smothered in the Dust.

Euphorbus.

Bravely resolv'd, and if your courage hold,
I shall before your rev'rend Eyes unfold,
Who are the *Miscreants*, which do daily lay
A Thousand Scandals in my Duties way.
I'll first begin with one * *Philantus* who
(Oft taken for an honest Judge and true)
And on that only Supposition,
Hath for a season long possess'd the Throne.
But on a narrow search I did him find,
One that Immenly to *Himself* is kind,
Respects not me. He is a Corp'lent Beast,
One hugely pleas'd with a sumptuous Feast.
May he but Ryot and drink Wine in Bowles,
He'll slight all *Humane Bodys, States and Soules*.
He seemeth *Pur-blind*, but at times his Eye,
Will in a *Pack* of Hay a Needle'spy.

Themista.

* A Self-lov-
ing Judge.

On's still intently fixt upon himself;
 His gap'd for Honour and his Mounts of pelf,
 The other keepeth close, or open's wide,
 As his own *Interest* doth best him guide.

He flatters *great Men*, but towards the *Clown*,
 (Without regard to me) he casts a frown,
 He pumps his *Princes* humour, and will strain
 A Point in *Law*, his favour to obtain,
 Wherein may he but have the hope to live,
 He'll friendly seem to the *Prerogative*,
 And raise it higher than it was before,
 Waving the *Laws*, the *Subjects*, *Wealth*, or *Gore*.
 This have I known, and hence it comes to pass,
Poor Men so oft becomes the *Great Mans Ass*
 To bear their loads, till (sore oppress'd) she cast
 Them all, and fall into the *Mire* at last.

Goe tell this Wretch in spight of *Prince* or *Pope*
 He merits not a *Scarlet Gown*, but *Rope* :
 For not their Honour nor their Weal he mindes,
 (When thus the Faces of the Poor he grindes)
 But his own *Profit*, which when he doth draw
 Within the Clutches of his rav'nous Paw,
 He hath his End. Then goes in holes to Quaff,
 And at their Ruines all doth Jeer and Laugh.

If he won't hear you, but will disbelieve
 This perfect *Narrative* that I do give :
 If all consent with him, and therefore won't
 This Horrid *Caitiffe* at their Bar affront;

T'le

I'll come my self, and will due Vengeance pay
 Upon their Heads in an unlook'd for day.
 My Name no longer shall become a shroud
 To harm the Guiltless and secure the Proud.

In Rev'rence *Madam*! of your Sacred Name, *Euphorbus*,
 I shall the Message in their Ears proclaim,
 Nor from its method Retrograde an ace,
 Giving each accent its deserved Grace.
 Tell who's the next *Malignant* that hath dar'd
 To Clog your way and reg'lar course insnar'd.

* *Philarguros* I next must roundly blame,
 For he hath oftentimes usurp'd my Name;
 Whose *Justice* (if't to him I may ascribe)
 Was ever midwif'd with a *whisking* Bribe.

Themista.

* A Cove-
 tous One.

This *Oyl l'argem* is what men most apply,
 On's Chariot Wheels to make them swiftly fly,
 Without the which, when on the *Bench* he sits,
 He is Indifferent whether he miss or hits;
 But leaves it to the Faithless *Fury*, to
 Improve it for their *Friend*, or gainst their *Foe*.

Nor may you wonder such a *Kennel* are,
 Of *Fury-Men* before my Rev'rend Bar.
 Scenting the *Prey*, for where the *Carion* is
Eagles do gather in great Companies.
 A *Fudge* corrupt, soon makes a *Fury* so,
Like unto Like, the Proverb still doth goe.
 Such Correspondence is betwixt them all,
 That into varience they do seldom fall;

No

Nor is't consistent with the *Poltricks*,
That they should blab abroad each others tricks.

Philarguros his *Hand* receives anon
What's sacrific'd to his Devotion,
Which by a due Observance you may find,
Is still extended on his *Breech* behind,
Lest that his squeazy *Opticks* hap to be,
The Witness of his Cursed Briberie,
And that if call'd to Swear, upon good cause,
May say, *I ne'er saw Bribe from that man's Paws*.
This done, his Name is in a *Table* set,
And sure this Man he will not once forget.
His *Eyes* are piercing, and they quickly ken
His *Benefactors* from all other Men.

One thing material I must mention more,
So greedy is he after *Yellow Oare*;
That fore the *Sun* the *Horizon* forgoth,
This Cormorant takes Fees of party's both.
Nor is't because his *Mem'ry* is unbound,
But that his *Avarice* is so profound,
His business well enough doth understand,
At Pleading therefore hath a *Trick* in Hand;
For there such *Quirks* and *Niceties* he displays,
The Lawyers are confus'd at what he says:
And such a dust before their *Eyes* doth throw,
There's none can tell for whom the *cause* will goe
All which is done with art political,
To cheat the * *Law*, the *Client*, *Court* and all.

* Videndum
est maxime, Ne
Civitas legibus
fundata legib.
avertatur la-
ert.

Hence

Hence comes a motion from his *raw nous throat*,
 That some good *Neighbours* would their peace pro-
 Urge a *reference*, & doth name the *Squires* (*mote*,
 Fittest to follow his most just desires,
 Which if refused, as it oft falleth out,
 (For neither party hath great cause to doubt)
 The *Fury* by some signal mark or thing
 A *special Verdict* to the Court doth bring,
 Which doth divide the cause between them so,
 That one can't well against the other crow.
 This proves at times of such Validity,
 Both prize it equal with a Victory.
 His * *Lordship* laughs in's sleeve at all is done,
 Thinks least of Heav'n or Damnation.

* Lewis the
 11th King of
 France, wore
 a Leaden Cru-
 cifix in his
 Bonnet, which
 as often as he
 murdered any
 Body, he kist it,
 and craved
 Pardon. Ma-
 ny take God
 for a Leaden
 One.

Madam! you little think with what sad Heart *Euphorbia*.
 (Whil'st you the sad relation do impart
 Of this *Philarguros*,) I here do sit,
 Lord help this World, or else finish it.
 Nor am I less affected when I mind
 The † Perjuries you in the *Furies* find.
 In my small time I've observation made,
 There are of that employ that mak't a trade :
 And these like *Hounds* that after *Carion* goe,
 At ev'ry *'s*ize themselves in clusters show.

† Nil publi-
 cæ mercis tam
 Venale quam
 hodie Advoc-
 atorū perfidia
 sit Tacit.

* These keep their *Chambers* and with *brazen*
 Do sit like *Barristers* in Pomp and State,
 Whom vile *Attorneys* and base gentry do,
 Most shamelessly in Troopes resort unto,
 To tempt (like Devils) them to things unjust,
 And damn their Soules for *white* and *yellow* Dust.

* Caninum
 Studium &
 Confessum la-
 trocinium.
 Columetra.

My

Themista.

My Dear *Euphorbus* ! whilst you'r on this head
 Ile tell you lately what hath happened,
 Within *Schivonia* at a Tryal there,
 The truth of which you need not doubt or fear.

Upon *Novembers* Mon'th (if not miscast)
 A Tryal in the *Basha's* Court there past,
 'Twixt *Guelp* and *Gibeline* (for so it was
 All men almost for one of these did pass)
 The Action frivolous (as most actions are,
 That come to be determin'd at that Bar)
 The *Plaintiffs* Witness and *Defendants* both,
 Where equal for their *Number* and their *Troth*.
 Their Oathes quite cross unto each others goe,
 One Swore 't was *Pitch* the other Swore 't was
 The *Fury* were a dozen Sans compare, (*Snow*.
 And could his Worship humour to an hair.
 These did the *Basha* gravely counsel give,
 To make their *Verdict* as they did believe.
 They pond'ring, who was *Guelp*, who *Gibeline*,
 Lo! where's the *Gib*, the cause is clearly thine.

That day one Tryal only passed more,
 Which was as frivolous as that before.
 Where upon Oath shrew'd Witnesses arose,
 To prove the *Basha* did on them impose,
 A false Record, which though he understood,
 As well's his Deputy *Gusmannus Crude*,
 Yet sight of fate the Tryal must be past,
 Wherein the *Guelp* quire on his back was cast.

I lately of that Court indeed have heard,
 And that the *Bashe* hath it meerly marr'd,
 By *Packing* Juries and perverting right,
 According to the Dictates of his spite.
 Such counter *swearing* 'mongst them ther's (tis said)
 That some for fear have from these Tryals fled,
 And if the *Pillory* had but its due,
 St. *Eustace* might afford cheap heaps of *Glue*.

Euphorbus,

Yet hath that † place for Ages been renown'd,
 For lofty *Poets* and *Divines* profound,
 Acutest *Lawyers* and more not to name, (same
 Here suckt their Milk, Men of great parts and
 That *Air* 'tis thought) did nature so supply,
 It was a Natural *Academie*.

† Boni Viri
 & boni vni O-
 riginem non
 curiose in-
 quiri-
 rendum Cœs.
 Ferd. 1.

But by what strange mishap I cannot say,
 It's waxt Adult'rate, and its brightest day
 Is chang'd to night, where long hath dwelt the
 And a lame *Goose* hath kept the *Capitol*. (Owl,

I'm sensible *Euphorbus*, I've digrest
 Now of *Philarguros*, I'll tel the rest
 One noted slight his *Avarice* more to heal,
 I shall to thee impartially reveal,
 He'll tell the World, how great a Foe he is
 To all that Exercise *Embraceries*.
 Curseth the Hand that taketh *Bribe* or *Fee*
 Against the rules of Law or Equity.
 Yet *Fryar-like* that could not Finger Gold,
 His *Boy* can freely touch'r and't safely hold.

Themista.

This

This mighty man (whilst he's at *Chancery Bar*)
 Doth keep at *Home* a fatter one by far,
 Manag'd by *Stewards* with that care and wit,
 As if at *Athens* they had studied it. (Gold,
 In comes a *Coach* that's daub'd without with
 Within, Rich Linings as Man can behold,
 Drawn by six Stallions of *Barbarian Race*,
 Which are a Present for his Lady *Grace*,
 Then comes another with a glittering Watch,
 Span-new from Artists Hands, *sans flaw* or
 Which in great caution by the waiting-maid (patch,
 Into his Daughters keeping is convey'd,
 Nor needs it *Motto* to declare the hap,
 For which it falls a *Victim* to her lap,

Anon a Team of Oxen, bell'wing come,
 Which with hard driving at the Mouth do foam.
 These doth the nimble *Hind* install enfold,
 Until his master come and them behold.
 Nor is their *Dairy-Maid* or *Horse-Man* vile,
 Whose Hand base *Bribery* doth not defile.
 But what they take, be sure shan't wast or rust,
 (Alas poor Soules ! they ate but *Slaves in trust*,)
 For these at even to *Philarguros*,
 Yie'd up account with every farthing-cross,
 Together with the Names of such great men,
 As brought these generous *Presents* to his Den,
 Which on his Book are set, He'l damn his Soul,
 But in due season will well-please them all.

Euphorbus. Lord ! blefs me, these affairs are strange & rare,
 And were nev'r heard of in a *Christian Air*.
Turkey

Turkey it self where the great Sultan sways,
Hath no Example of such crimes as these.
Madam! I shall herein you truly serve,
And give that Sentence which their Sins deserve;

Euphorbus! Pardon me I make so bold
And to thine Ears that I these things have told.
It is some ease to mine afflicted Heart,
That I with freedom can these things impart.
Contracted grief within so narrow room,
Would else be sure *Prognostick* of my doome.

Themist.

My next essay, shall therefore be to paint
Out * *Periphobes*, that fictitious Saint,
Whom for his mildness some would fain adore.

*A Coward.

An *Apple* fair he is, unsound at Core.
Whose *Compass* is his fancy and doth bear
Within his *Breast* an *Heart* much like an *Hare*.

† Dionysius

Such Ears likewise he hath. The murmur'ing sound
But of a *Bull*, he taketh for an *Hound*.

metu anxius

Which makes him take his Leggs & run for fear,
When not the least apparent danger's neer.

& nemini se

And hence it is when on the Throne he sits,

credens fami-

A bold Offender drives him from his wits,

liariam Suo-

A boisterous word from either Count or Clown,

rum aut pro-

Shall run his *Majesterial* Honour down.

pinquorum

So that without respect unto the cause,

tendere filias

Oft to their Rage doth sacrifice the Lawes.

Suas docuit ne

Fear being in the Scale. I oft him find,

tonlori Collum

The Faces of distressed ones to grind,

commit. terer,

Without reluctance or respect to me,

is, cum iam ef-

Against his Oath which should most Sacred be:

ferat Adulte,

ferrum remo-

vit, Instituitq.

nt Candentibus

jugandum pu-

taminiibus bar-

bam sibi & Co-

pilum adure-

For rent.

For he well knows these can no Patrons have,
That from his Hands might juster measure crave.

Euphorbus.

* Artemi-
adeo timidus-
fuit, ut domi-
plurimum vi-
veret Servis
duobus Scutum
xreum Supia
Caput Semper
tenentibus, ut
quod Superne
Caderet ante ne
Crem rueret.
Herac. par.

A Plaugy Pest it is, and like it none,
To see a * Coward sit upon a Throne.

None are more exact, none more Sanguine be,
When favour'd with fit Opportunity.

Mauricius the Emper'or can't inhale,
Out of my Thoughts without great dread be cald,

Who sick at Heart, did dream by *Phocas*, he

One time or other should assured be,

He asketh *Philip* what might *Phocas* be?

One of thine own *Camarions*, saith he.

A Man of great Ambition, but withal

Ther's not such *Coward* more among them all.

Then he'll say *Murder* be, a Bloody Spirit,

(Saith he) a *Pollion* break both ill inherit!

He prov'd true Prophet, for within few days,

He kill'd the Emper'or and his Scepter sways.

Themista.

Partly apply'd *Euphorbus*, I'll go on,

With *Periphrasis* and his Passion.

Some to his guile this Passion do impute,

Others do this Conjecture quite confute,

Ascribing it unto his vast Estate, and no (Fate?)

Which he would keep against the checks of

By hoarding up a Swarm of Friends that may

Be useful to him in a doubtful Day.

Others again do charge this Action foul

Upon the narrowness of his own Soul.

Let these enjoy their Honours, but I will

To thee declare the reason true and just.

He

He fears not God and can't at all believe,
 What Divine Records of his Name do give.
 His matchless Justice, Holiness and Pow'r
 Reside not on his serious Thoughts an hour;
 May he therefore secure his Corps and poll,
 With thoughts of Hell he won't disquiet himself,
 Nor love of *Justice* make him ope his *Jawes*,
 For God, his People, or his sacred *Lawes*.

Lord! I'm aston'd at what I now do hear, *Euphorbus.*
 Who could once think there could such *panic fear*
 Seize that Mans Heart, who holdeth his abode,
 In seat of *Justice*, and in place of *God*?
 When of our Saviour's Crucifixion, I
 With reverence peruse the History:
 I do observe for no Inferiour cause,
 That *Jesus Christ* our Lord Condemn'd was
 By *Pilate*, for he fear'd the People Rude,
 And kill'd our Lord to please the Multitude!
 And therefore justly in our Christian Creed,
 His most abhorred Name is *scattered*,
 That *Generations* whil'st the World shall last,
 May of the like Injustice be agast.

A modern Story likewise comes to mind,
 Of one Judge *Morgan* which I read we find,
 Within the Reign of *Mary*, *England's Queen*,
 Which without Trembling can't be read or seen.

This Man in Judgment late on Lady *Jane*
 An Innocent, yet was most roughly *fine*

And

And brought at his Tribunal. Her cause heard
His Conscience prickt him, but because afraid
In quitting her, he might procure a Frown;
From either *Privy-Counsel* or the *Crown*:
He did a fatal Sentence 'gainst her pass,
Accordingly she Executed was.

Immediately the *Judge* grows wonderous sad,
And desperately died Raging Mad.

One recent instance more I can't but Name,
Which publique stories in our Ears procla'me
And therefore shall with reverence tell the same.
How did King *Charles* of all Kings the best,
At's dying hour; ev'n from his Heart detest
That Fact of his in giving his consent,
To *Siraffords* Death, aw'd by the *Parliament*,
No Sin of his on's Conscience gallier stood,
Then the effusion of his Guiltless Blood:
Let these Examples make the World beware
How they wound Justice on a groundless fear.

Themista,

My Dear *Euphorbus*! I shall nothing say,
Concerning *Periphobes* more this Day,

* A Furious
One.

† Quo pacto
quispiam aut
jus recte dicere
aut homines
decenter Judi-
care possit
quinon u-
trumq; litigan-
tem audiverit
Piaro.

Mind only how I do his crimes repeat,
And with all sharpness urge him to repent.
He name another one *Maniades**
That doth me most Notorious Injuries:
He bears a dreadful presence where he rules,
And counterth all Men (save himself) but Fools.
His Eyes are sparkling, as if they would bore
The Breasts of Mortals, to find out a Sore.

His

His Nose long-hang'd (like to a *Vultures Snout*)
 That at a Distance scents *Delinquents* out.
 A † single Eared Gentleman he is,
 And that's half Deaf for want of Exercise.
 The first complaint one Ear so long engro'st,
 The sense of th' other is quite gon and lost;
 Yea, such Disease on that one Ear is grown,
 He is offended at some kindes of tone.
 What the distemper is, great thoughts there be,
 Some take 't for a *Noli me tangere*,
 For if this humour any chance to touch,
 He'll bite and snarl his froward temper's, such
 As if the Laws that are both good and right,
 Were to vail *Bonnet* to his Rage and spite.
 So that e're Pris'ners at the Bar can speak,
 He doth into a thundring Passion break, (spread,
 Which ore their Hearts doth such affrightment
 That fore they know their crimes, they are half
 Anon the *Indictments* read, wherein are told (dead.
 Ten Crimes, among them which scarce one will
 With such *dread Circumstances* more beside, (hold,
 He must a Devil be if not bely'd.

Vp stands *Maniodes*, Sirrah! you hear
 What 'gainst you will (saith he) be made appear,
 The † *Gallows* long since Villain! groan'd for thee
 And thither shortly shall thy Carcase be,
 What further hast thou in defence to say,
 Till *Derick* come and take thee quite away?
 He's mute the very thoughts of *threatned Death*,
 Lays a suspension on his coming Breath.

Thus

† Cruditatis horridus est habitus. Truculenta facies Violenti Spiritus. Vox terribilis. Oraminis et cruentis imperiis referta. Cui Silentium donare incrementum est adiceret.

Val. Max. l. 9.

Difficilem oportet animum habere ad crimina. Publ.

Ira in auribus habitat.

Oportet Judicem aures obtusas habere & hebetes ad rumores atque fabulas. Plato.

Nihil est violentius aure Tyranni.

Satyr:

Perperciendum est Indicanti Nequid, aut durius aut remissius Constituat quam causa deposcit Mortuus.

† Hanging is the worst use a man can be put unto. Clarendon: St. H. W.

Thus he behaves himself at open Barr,
 And in the Country is no less severe.
 For he no sooner comes in Towns and sits,
 But he's enquiring after *Hugonets*,
 Summons the Officers to bring him in,
 A List of such as have most guilty bin.
 This so much doth allarm the Neighbourhood,
 Men leave their Houses to possess some Wood,
 And tho' the Lyon did design his Paw,
 'gainst horned Beasts alone that crost his Law.
 Yet will the *Hare*, whose fall the *Lyon* scorns,
 Tremble for fear, his Ears be termed *Hornes*.

Euphorbus,

Madam! the truth of this must be believ'd,
 By what I know in *Spain*, where once I liv'd,
 And therefore for diversions sake shall tell,
 What an affrighted *Peasant* there befel.

A Lord Inquisitor by chance did range,
 And came into a silly *Peasants Grange*,
 On whom poor Soul! no sooner cast his sight,
 But fell a trembling 'fore this man of might,
 As if some *Ghost* or *Demon* rather had
 Appeard, and in some gaily garb been clad.
 And having little to procure him grace,
 For he was poor and in a thurst-less case,
 A Flaque of Pears before his Lordship brings,
 In most submissive mode 'mongst other things,
 Which are accepted: but when they were spent,
 His Lordship (not remote) him message sent.
 He must needs speak with him. "Lord! what's the
 " (Thinks he) I never did offend the Laws, (cause,

"I am no *Hugonet* nor *Heretick*,
 "Nor at the Churches *Rites* did ever stick,
 "Both *Maß* and *Mattens* I did still frequent,
 "Confest and Penance did in time of *Lent*.
 "Calvin and Luther I do curse and hate,
 "Nor did I think or act 'gainst Church or State.
 "What have I done, that I must go before
 "His Direful Lordship, the Inquisitor?

Immediately the Peasant takes his Bed, (dead.
 Nor Eats, nor Drinks, looks like a man that's

His Lordship hearing that the Man was Ill,
 And could not in that part observe his will,
 Another Messenger at last repaires,
 Tells him, his *Lordship* only begs some *Pears*.

He soon revives, and presently did goe,
 Into the Orchard where his Fruit did grow:
 Roots up the Tree, and with good will anon,
 Delivers it with store of Fruit thereon.

The Messenger condemns his rashness, and
 Acquaints him, that he did not understand
 His drift herein: His Lordships only wish,
 Out of that Store, was but one friendly Dish.



(wept,
 "Good Sir! be pleas'd, he said, and forthwith
 "Within my House and Garden shall be kept
 "Nought what his *Lordship* loves: now you've
 "You nor your Lord shall I hope more to see (the tree

D

"For

“ For I protest, Death don’t I more abhor,
 “ Than the grim lookes of the *Inquisitor*, (*house*,
 “ The thoughts of whom since thou last saw’st my
 “ Hath made me value *Life* not at one *Louse*.

† Scriptum

Sequi Calu-
 niatoris est be-
 ni vero Judi-
 cis auct. iura-
 tem volenta-
 temque deten-
 dere.

* Fermul-
 tis annis præ-
 teteritis divul-
 garum fuit quod-
 dam Specta-
 rum eo Nomi-
 ne Mense De-
 cembri, ibi.
 Perambulasse.

Justice severely † *rackt*, grows wan and dies,
Its empty Throne, *Oppression* soon supplies,
Whose direful rage unduely Subjects awes,
And works abhorrence both to Lords and Laws.
God keep St. Eustace’s Government, that she
May not transgress the bounds of Equity.
Lest she turn Tyrant, and perchance what’s worse,
*Her Infant May’r look like her Old * black horse.*

Excuse me if I’ve this you told in vain.
 Madam ! I long to hear what doth remain.

Therapistæ, Some are perchance surpriz’d, & brought before
 His Worship, who like Lord *Inquisitor*,
 Gives them their Oath. *You shall make answer true*,
To all such Questions as are askt of you :
 And forthwith by a most Imperial Nod,
 Bids him to *Kiss the Book*, so help you *God*.
 By Contents of the Book which you have kiss’d,
 When (saith he) last took you the *Eucharist* ?
 When were you at the *Mass* ? when were you shrift ?
 And let your answer be without a shift ;
 When did you *Penance* ? likewise tell me who
 Was that damn’d Heretick last preacht to you ?

These silly Lambs, what man can but condole,
 Who hereby damn their Body or their Soul.

Nor

Nor can they from his dreadful Sentence fly,
Without the cursed help of *Perjury*.

Hev'ns bleſs our *Nation*, and maintain the † *Law*, *Euphorbus*.
Which doth on Subjects no ſuch miſchief draw,
But ev'ry *Peccant* is *per teſtes* charg'd,
For want of which the Priſ'ner is enlarg'd.
The *Ex-official* Oath, the Parliament
To *Rome* and *Hell* from whence it came hath ſent.
That *Court* or *Judge* that ſhall it re-inſpire,
Falls *Sans* redreſs into a *Pramunire*.
And this Right *Magna Charta* doth convey,
None is himſelf obliged to betray.

† Jura publica
certiſſima
ſunt humanæ
Vitæ Solatia
infirmorum
auxilia poten-
tium fræna.
Caſſiod.

I know the Engliſh Lawes are juſt and good, *Themisſa*.
Yet by ſome Rulers not well underſtood;
They with like Oaths as theſe (not taking care)
Oft 'gainſt the Law ſome ſilly Soules inſnare,
But for Gods ſake and your own Countrys good,
Tell what I ſay. Bid them beware of * Blood.

* Injuſte
reum abſolu-
ere, quam in-
juſte damnare
& Occidere
præſtat. illud
namque pec-
catum hoc im-
pietas.
Antiſtho.

The Miſcreant next *Paranomos* we have,
A Gentleman boſil Antient, Wiſe and Grave,
His Eyes are rowling all the World about,
To find the humours of all Perſons out;
Of which he keeps account ſo full, ſo true,
He knows their Birth, State, Parts, Friends ſtore or
(few).

His Mem'ry is his Mon'ter that directs
Him how to give them all their meet reſpects,
ſquaring the *Meaſures* of his Actions ſo,
His favours ever with the ſtream do goe.

Hence is't when that two differces have long,
 Been by the Ears concerning right and wrong,
 Met at the Barr to hear the Sentence last,
 That likely, shall be at the Action past :
 The very Clowns that least of Law do know,
 Forbode and tell for whom the cause will goe.

And when my self has doubted, I have gon
 Through a vast crowd, & a most num'rous throng,
Pluckt him by th' Ear, yea, pincht his leathern heart,
 Cry'd, *Justice! Justice!* yet he did not start.
 But gives the final Sentence, that might best
 Serve his own *Friend, Great Man or Interest.*

Not long agoe, a Man of mean Estate,
 Hoping for Justice, waited at his Gate.
 And that so long, so oft, without access,
 That he despaire, goes off without success.
 His mean Deportment, and his Sun-burnt Skin,
 Wanted a *Pass* to let him friendly in.
 His cause was dismal, for his cruel Lord
 Did not like Measure ere that time afford,
 He cast this Man from out his Farm, because
 He wanted *Copy-Licence* from his Paws.
 Tho his own Steward promis'd it before
 For one Gold *Angel*, and as good as Swore.

† Judicis
 auxilium sub
 iniqua lege re-
 gato.
 Sepe etiam
 Leges cupiunt
 ut Jure regan-
 tur
 Cato.

With much ado † *Paranomos* at last,
 His lofty Eyes upon this *Mushrom* cast.

Fellow (saith he) I can't now talk with you,
 You must at Law, his Lordships *Steward Sue.*

A task so Vaine, as if to have his right
 An *Infant* had been bid *Goliath* fight :
 Whereas he should redrest such wrong as this,
 By pleading for him *Form à pauperis*,
 But his *Antagonist* was high and great,
 So Justice must give place to Fraud and Cheat.

Madam ! that Judg was more upright by far *Euphorbus*,
 That had an *Earl's* Son once brought to's Bar,
 I'll not be tedious but you'll see in brief,
 He spar'd not *Greatness* nor Excus'd a *Thief*.

A Prisoner he was 'fore this Judge brought
 Who had some *Capital* offences wrought.
 Being arraign'd & Cast doth humbly pray
 His *Lordships* audience unto what he'd say,
 My Lord ! Saith he, stop *Sentence* for I am
 One, that from a most *Noble Extract* came.
 The Judg replys, your *Crimes* deserve the halter
 Nor can in *Justice* I this *Sentence* alter.
 This Boon indeed I will not you deny,
 Your *Gibbet* therefore shall be *Strong* and *High*.
 Madam ! I hope there are no more you find
 That 'gainst your *Ladyship* are thus inclin'd.

No more, *Euphorbus* ! yes far more there are
 Than I'll now tel, lest I thy patience Mar,
 But I've not all my story told to thee
 How he behav'd himself in *Germany*.
 To tell thee *When*, It not the Matter helps,
 But 'twas in th' dayes of *Gibeline* and *Guelphs*.

Themista.

*Sith in hu-
 mane Laws
 there be more
 things arbi-
 trable than
 forceable Jud-
 ges ought to a-
 pproach more
 to Reason then
 opinion Plur-

Paranomos to *Trajan*.

* Non ex Ver-
bis pendet jus,
sed verba ser-
viunt homin-
um Consiliis &
auctoritatibus,
Nec Verba
veniunt in judi-
cium sed ea re
Cujus causa
Verba in leges
Conjecta sunt.
M. T. Cice.

Legibus maxi-
me amica est
Simplicitas.
Ibid.

Magnū bonum
sunt leges sed si
quis nimis has
intuetur a
cute sycophan-
te fit Menandr.

A prejudiced
and Reveng-
ful One.

Theodo.

Arcad. &
Honorius Nol-
lent q'en
quam de po-
pulo subici
poenae qui pro-
cacitate linguae
at Maledicto in
se peccasset.

Quoniam si opprobrium ex levitate processerit negligendum, Si furore aut in-
fania Condolendum si denique ab injuria remittendum sit.

PARANOMOS was then a *Justice* there
After their cruel feuds grown calmer were,
And both Sworn Subjects to the Emperor. }
He being chiefly to one party Kind,
Bore 'gainst the other a Revengful mind.
A thousand *Crimes* in *Guelphs* he could not see
When that the silly *Gibeline* must be
Ev'n for one * *Peccadillo* clapt secure, (endure.
And made what Law * Could well inflict
With patience this was born til at last,
The *Empire* into Civil broyls was cast,
Where he that *Partial* was this fate did bear
The people in two peices him did teare ;
The Justice of whose fall I nev'r deny'd,
He liv'd Divided; and divided dy'd.

But I'll Contract two brethren Joyn'd by Blood,
And govern'd one and self same Neighbourhood
I cannot but Complain of unto thee,
Which Greatly doe oppose my sov'raignty.
Procrates and swart *Ecdicates* who
Are of a like Complexion and like hew.
Whose Ears are long (and Boar-like very quick)
To hear whats said against an *Heretick*,
Who if it but in a word * hap to transgress,
Are by promoters seldom rendred less,
But mounted up so to the highest pin
A *Venial's* turn'd into a *Mortal Sin*.
And Chiefly if a *Monk* or *Fryer* do
Add but their *Wit* and fiery *Zeal* thereto.

An

An act becoming ill their Sacred hood,
For oftentimes their heat Concludes in Blood.

Madam Excuse me if I seeme too prone,
To give your *Ladyship* diversion.

Euphorbus.

'Tis often said there is no Christian Law,
That will allow a *Priest* a Sword to draw.

No Reverend *Bishop* in a Jury shall
Their Verdit give in matters Capital.

Yet by Experience We do often find
None have to blood-shed been so much inclin'd,
And some have been requited in their kinde. }

Madam ! to all that hath been said before,
I'll only give you one short story more.

Phillip a Bishop of *Beauvoys* in *France*,
Whom fortune did unto that See advance
For feats of Chivalry 'gainst *England* done
Was in a battle by our Natives won,
Surpriz'd and taken, whom our King doth hold
Immur'd with others in a Dungeon cold.
The *Prelate* grumbles at his destiny
And to the *Pope* he doth himself apply.
Pleads, to Excuse himself from *Sec'lar* thral,
His upstart dignity *Episcopal*.

The *Pope's* Enrag'd and in a pet Commands
A Speedy freedome from his loathsome bands.
Urges his *Priesthood* as a Sacred thing,
And mayn't be punish'd by an *Earthly* King.
Moreover dam's the fact as rashly done,
To Seiz his *Bishop* and beloved Son.

The

The *King* in his affairs advis'd was wel,
 Knew that a *Victim* Just to's Conquest fel,
 Returns the *Armour* which his body wore
 When he was taken by the Conqueror,
 These words Engraven planly were thereon
Is this the Coat Sir, of your prestly Son?
 At this his Holyness was wondrous wroth,
 And from his lips rapt out a Sacred *Oath*.
 This was the Coat of *Mars* and not his Son,
 So gave him up to *Execution*.

Madam ! I've done, Now let me further hear,
 These Judges great misdeeds and Character.

Themista. Their Memories retentive are and hold,
 For ever fast what spite and Malice told. (besal
 * Non minus This * grates them much til them this change
 Turpe principi Their hearts are into Wormwood turn'd & gall:
 Multa Suppli- So that the Sugar'd sentences which they,
 cia quam me- Or their grave Counsel in defence shall say.
 dico Multa Is as successeless as his paynes would be,
 funera. That would the *Ocean* of its *Saltness* free.
 Clarendon. But tho that *Heresy* be made the ground,
 Of that dire rancour in their bosome found.
 Yet all the Neighbourhood do plainly Know,
 A grudg long since did on their stomachs grow
 Which sith by Violence they could not vent,
 Under the robe of Justice now is spent.
 * Animum vin Yea tho that God Almighty's Sacred Law,
 cere Iracundiam (So good, so Equal, and devoyd of flaw.)
 coh be re vic- Commands

Commands that we forgive our foes as we,
 Do hope our Selves by God Forgiv'n to be.
 Yea * tho their *Sovereign* in Clemency,
 Hath past himselfe an act of *Amnesty*.
 And by his Sacred Word for Ev'r hath fenc't,
 Such as before he was against incen't.

Yet 'spite of Hea'en and *Majestick* throne,
 They will revenge it and not pardon one:
 These would be Zealots of the Highest rank,
 But doe concern them more then they have
 Nor can they so far blind all peoples eyes, (thank.
 But one or other soon their guile Espyes.
 Which by unconquer'd demonstration shows,
 They've acted *Devil* in St. *Samuel's* Cloaths.
 Venting their Wares in a deceitful shade
 Their own Avengers are in *Masquerade*.

Madam ! such Miscreants as these do bring,
 Woe to themselves, and *Odium* on their King.
 And to mine own Experience's hath been known,
 Such spirits & Wasps have from their seats bin thrown
 Eye hath for Eye and tooth for tooth bin paid,
 Till men and Cities in the dust were laid.
 Now whilst upon that subject I am cast,
 Pletel you in my travels what hath past,
 At *Millan* where those eyes of mine did see,
 Rancour requited with Severity.

Proud *Millan* loath to bear Imperial Yoak,
 Their due Allegiance to their Prince they broke
 Slighted

tor.
 rare Adveria-
 rian Nobilita-
 te, ingenio,
 Virtute pra-
 stare Non
 modo Extel-
 leie Jacentem
 fid etiam am-
 plificare eius
 pristinam dig-
 ni tatem, Hæc
 qui facit non
 ego eum sum-
 mis Viris Com-
 paro sed si-
 millimū deo
 Judio.
 M. Cicero.

Euphorbus.

Slighted great *Fredrick*, and from him withdrew,
 That Homage which was to their *Sov'raigne* due,
 Yea to Rebellion did that Malice add,
 A Constant Hatred 'gainst that house they had.
 It so even'd, when *Beatrice* his Wife,
 Fanci'd a Journey to delight her life.
 She came to *Millan* only there to see,
 That Once Appur't'nance of the *Empirye*.
 Not on an ill intent, or as a Spy,
 But meerly out of Curiosity.
 Having suppos'd that time had quite out-worn,
 The feud they had against the *Emp'rour* borne.

The tydings were hereof no sooner Flown,
 But the rude Multitude within the Town.
 In coveys flock and in a Barb'rous way,
 Her tender Corps within their Prison lay,
 This done, they take her forth, and then astride
 Upon a sily *Mule* they make to ride,
 With face towards the Tayle, & at command,
 Instead of bridle held the same in hand.
 Thus so expos'd in Ev'ry lane and streete,
 To her great shame, and very sore regret,
 They led her forth without the gate, where they
 With *Kicks* uncivil bid her take her way.
 This act so foul Revenge doth soon pursue,
 A potent Army the great *Fredrick* drew.
 Before her walls and in some little space,
 In fury Storm'd and possess'd the place.
 Adjudg'd them all unto the dint of Sword,
 Only this *Ransome* he did them afforde.

Between

Between the Barrocks of a skittish Mule,
Which none could either Master, tame, or rule.
Was fixt a bunch of Figgs, the conquer'd these,
(That they the Empr'ors fury might appease,
And save their lives, which now ware at the Stake,)
With both their hands bound fast behind their back.
Must with their teeth pluck out as she did pace,
And this was taken for a wondrous Grace.

Such as Nor would nor could with this Comply,
Did by the Weapons of the fouldiers dye.

" Mercy findes Mercy but the cruel wight ,
" Vengeance with Int'rest will eftsoons requite

All this is true, but what availeth this,
To melt the heart that Adamaine is.
Howe're performe thy office; and let me,
Know the successes of thine Embassie.
Go tell the Malefactors to their face,
That sith they have me driven from my place.
I'll spread their Crimes 'fore the Almighty King,
In such a mode that all the Hev'ns shall ring.
Unless they do repent, and change their mind,
And unto me more friendly be inclin'd

Themista.

(Friends,
Heav'n speed thy way, and when thou meet'st my
Tell them *Themista* to them *Greeting Sends.*

Conclusio

Conclusio & Votum Authoris.

Heavens preserve our Caesar, and secure
His Race from harm as long's the World doth
Endow them with all Heav'nly Grace, that they (dure,
The British Scepter may with Justice sway.
Cherish our Loyal Hearts, proud Rebels tame,
And keep our Country from deserved blame.
Rule all our Kingdoms make our Judges Just,
Let not the Sword that's in their Scabbard rust.
Root up all Vice, let Vertue sprout againe,
And in King Charles's Heart, King Jesu's Reign.

FINIS.

The Printers Advertisement to the Reader.

There is another Piece shortly will be extant (God willing) Entitled,
Tavistock Anatomiz'd, or the Honour, Dignity, Priviledges,
and other Natural Vertues of that Famous and Ancient Burrough dis-
played, in a brief Coment on its Name, Situation, Air, Water, Fire,
ing, Abbey, Manufacture, &c. Consisting of more than Twenty Chap-
ters, each Chapter attended with a pleasant and sensible Poem, very re-
creative to Ingenious Mindes, and cannot but be very acceptable to all Men,
especially such who had the Honour of their Birth or Education in that
Chyme. Price One Shilling.

Likewise, another Entitled,

Encaupon. Epim. Co. Containing the Golden Epistles of divers
Renowned Gentiles, particularly of *Septimius Severus*, wherein
in may be read their profound Wisdom and Policy, besides those incom-
parable Moralities that challenge not only Admiration, but strenuously
call for the Imitation of the gentlest Christian: First done out of the
Original Greek, by a learned Spaniard, Chronicler to that great Empe-
rour, Charles the Fifth, for about 160 Years since, and here communi-
cated to the World in our Native Tongue.

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4